them vp: onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue: thou rideſt on a foothcloth, doſt thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade Mary I ſay thou oughteſt not to let thy horſe weare a cloake, when an honeſter man then thy ſelfe goes in his hoſe and dublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All Kent, what of Kent?

Say Nothing but *terra bona.*

Cade *Bonum terum*, ſounds whats that?

Dick He ſpeakes French.

Will. No, tis Dutch.

Nick No, tis Outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæſar wrote,
Term'd it the ciuil ſt place of al this land,
Then noble country-men, heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, I loſt not Normandie.

Cade But wherefore doeſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

Say It is the palſie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodſt thy head, as who ſay, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getſt away, but ile make thee ſure enough, now I haue thee: go take him to the ſtandard in Cheapſide & chop off his head, & then go to Milend-green, to ſir Iames Cromer his ſon in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. *Away with him.*

exit one or two with the Lord Say.

There ſhall not a nobleman weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall pay me tribute for it:
Nor there ſhal not a maid be maried, but he ſhal fee to me for (her:
Maiden head or elſe, ile haue it my ſelfe,
Mary I will that maried men ſhal hold of me in capite,
And that their wiues ſhal be as free as hart can think, or tongue (can tell.

Enter Robin.

Robin O captaine! London bridge is a fire.

Cade Runne to Billingſgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and ſquench it.

Enter Dicke and a ſergeant.

ſer.

g bona terra